INT. JORDAN RIVER - DAY

The Jordan was alive with laughter.

Children waded knee-deep

splashing water at one another

shrieking in delight.

Among them was

Yeshua (יֵשׁוּעַ)

tunic soaked

curls plastered to His forehead.

He laughed like the rest

a boy, nothing more.

But as He lowered His hands into the current

His thoughts drifted.

The water slipped between His fingers

and in His mind

He was elsewhere.

He saw Eden.

The river

clear as glass.

Lions lying beside lambs

Birds circling overhead

their wings brushing the air like laughter.

He raised His hand slowly

letting the stream run off His fingertips,

imagining it as the flight of a bird gliding beside Him.

For a moment,

the play of water became

the play of creation.

The vision faded as another child splashed by His side,

jolting Him back into the noise and sun.

He only smiled faintly,

wiping His face,

joining again in the games.

From the outside

It was a child at play.

From the inside

Eden was already alive

within Him.